



ELIZABETH TOWNE.

ELIZABETH TOWNE'S

Experiences in Self-Healing

BY HERSELF.

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be."

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

—*Walt Whitman.*

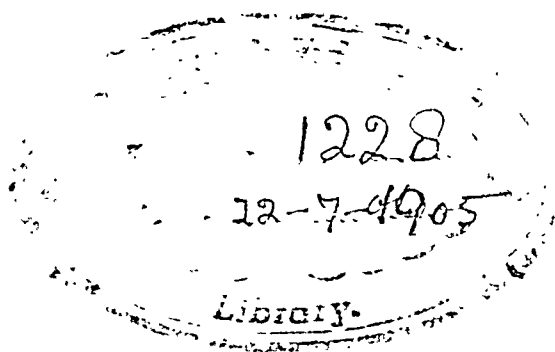
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CHAPTER I.

PRIMITIVE HEALING.

My first remembered experience in self-healing occurred nineteen years ago, before I had ever heard of a new thought, or even of Christian Science; and before I had ever dreamed there could be any healing except by calomel and quinine. And yet I healed myself, and I knew when I did it.

But I did not *think*. It did not occur to me then that there was any discrepancy between the old teaching that healing resulted from something swallowed, and the fact that I was healed without having swallowed anything unusual. Perhaps I was "too young" to reason much; I was scarcely 18 years old. But I was *not* too young to feel and act upon the impressions which came to me, and to all children, from the universal and immanent spirit of wisdom.

It was this way. I, being but 18, was yet a wife of over three years, and Catherine was a baby. The first two years of our married life we lived with the best mother- and father-in-law a girl could have; and then, when Catherine was a year old, we went to house-keeping. Our new house was a present from my own father (my own mother died when I was nine years old), and was built after my ideas, which were entirely too large and not quite so practical as they have since become. So there I was, a mere child, with absolutely no experience at house-keeping, and with a baby, and

I had set myself down in a spick and span new home to do all the work. It never occurred to me that I had bitten off more than I could comfortably and gracefully masticate.

Of course I couldn't do it. But I did my little best. I flew at my work as a puppy flies at things. I pulled and pushed and shook things; then I took a long breath and flew at them again. I rose at six in the morning and I hustled until midnight, and still that house refused to stay spick and span. The baby had a clean dress every day and her face and hands were washed every ten minutes or so, and yet *she* was never spick and span. Hustle as I could I simply could not make my house and my baby, let alone my husband, come up to my ideals. I flew at things all the harder. Before my breakfast dishes were washed in the morning I was trembling like poplar leaves in the wind. I began to have dizzy spells and heart failures and bilious spells, and I was afraid crazy spells would follow. I was weighted with the mill-stones of things undone, I was discouraged and shaky and had queer feelings in my head.

But I had set upon myself the habit of hurry and worry and I *couldn't* stop. So on I flew, until the queer feelings and spells waked in me a horrible fear that I was *going insane*.

I could have hustled right along until both feet were in the grave and then laid me down serenely in a martyr's crown. I wouldn't have minded a bit if I had died trying to keep my house and baby clean. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Struble, was that kind of a woman herself and I had taken on her ideals. But she was naturally practical and had been trained to

house-work, and she was strong. Her fine house-keeping was the ideal I tried to objectify. And the martyr spirit was in me. I used to read all sorts of tales where the hero or heroine gave up their lives to duty—read them and glory in them and *wish*, WISH life would prove me like that. When I declaimed “Casabianca” or “Barbara Frietchie” I *lived* them. So if I had thought my house and baby would make a martyr of me I’d have gloried in it and hurried and worried on to my fate.

But to go *insane* was ignominious, and besides I did not like the idea. It was always the villain, or “Rochester’s wife,” who went insane. The heroes and “Jane Eyre” stayed sane and “suffered” and met death. I longed to “suffer” and meet death. But *insanity*—well, the thought of it dampened my ardor, and I made up my mind that I *must* break that hurry and worry habit. I don’t know how I knew that it was that which was breaking me down, but I *did* know it. My house-work ideals became a matter of second consideration. All the will I had been putting into that was now turned to demolish the hurry habit. I said to myself, “*This must stop*, even if everything else stops with it; I *will* work steadily and quietly, or not at all.” I drew a chair up beside the sink and told myself that the moment I caught myself hurrying, down I would go into that chair and *stay* there until I could quit trembling and work quietly. Well, at first I would have to sit down three or four times before I could finish my breakfast dishes. It seemed utterly impossible for me to work quietly. But I was determined, and I was egged on by that spectre of insanity. I was afraid *not* to conquer.

Fear is a good thing. It keeps growing and growing until it becomes such a monstrous bugaboo that you are *scared* into right doing. Fear never bothers you if you are doing right; that is, if you are living according to the law of *your* being. I had been trying to live according to the law of my mother-in-law's being, and I needed a good scare. I got it.

I healed myself of the hurry and worry habit and all its attendant ills. I was on the verge of nervous prostration and I healed myself, by stopping the *cause* of nervous prostration. To stop the cause of a disease is to heal the disease.

As I conquered this hurry habit I made a startling discovery, all by myself, before I ever heard of such a thing as the new thought. I thought I *had* to hurry you know, because there was *so much* to be done. As I got over the hurry habit I made the discovery that I could do more *without* hurrying, than I ever managed to do in my days of wildest hustling; and I could do it with ease and pleasure. Hurry is sheer waste of energy and defeats its own end. The hurrier *slops over* half his energy and misdirects a good share of the remaining half.

"In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

In the cultivation of quietness and confidence lies the self-healing of nervous prostration.

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My second case of self-healing occurred likewise before I had ever heard of such a thing. It was two or three years later than the other. Having healed myself of the hurry habit and incipient nervous prostration I had gone on fairly well with my house-

work, and there was a second baby to take care of—Chester, my big boy. I delighted in making pretty clothes for my children. Such stacks of sewing and crochetting as I used to do in those days!

It was the sewing habit which showed me my second case for self-healing. One day I waked up to the fact that I had a great “Saratoga” almost filled with unfinished garments for those two blessed babies! Things cut out and rolled up ready to sew, dresses half made, garments all done but button holes—which I was not fond of making—little things by the score, and many of them had been there for two or three years. All at once it flashed over me that *I didn't stick to things*. Probably I had been told that many times, but I never realized it until that moment. I resolved to cure that forthwith, and to begin on that trunkful of garments and *stick to it* until the last stitch was taken. I told myself that not another new stitch should be bought until that trunk was *emptied*, and at it I went. It was hard work to keep at it, and it was harder still to keep from buying pretty pieces of goods and trimmings which I saw in the shop windows, but I *did* stick until every garment was done to the very last button-hole. Some of the little dresses were too small for either baby, so long had they lain there, but I finished them up for other people's babies. And how happy I was when the bottom of that trunk was reached and that habit *conquered*. For I knew in my inmost heart that “lack of continuity” would never again trouble me. And it never has, though every phrenologist who has “read my bumps” has told me that there is only a hollow where that faculty should be.

Of course I have been many times since then tempted to drop a thing before it was finished; just as I have many times broken my habit of quietness and confidence by a momentary hurry; but the *habit* of slighting things, like the habit of hurry, was *healed* by steady, persistent effort at *being* what I *wanted to feel* myself.

I ACTED what I DESIRED to feel, and feeling followed.

In all the years I have lived and healed since then I have discovered no profounder principle than that—to *act* what one desires to feel.

The reverse of this is likewise true—act what you do *not* want to feel, and you will come to feel it. I *could*, by *acting* hurry and lack of continuity, again bring upon myself those old dis-eases; just as I could by living in the old ways bring back any sort of disease. But I do not *desire* to go back to the old ways. I not only do not desire to hurry and to leave things undone but I know from experience that it is *painful* to do so. If I had been told all this it is doubtful if I could have believed it, but having lived the experience I *know* it, and there could be no temptation to return to the old ways. Having *done* the “will of the Father” I KNOW too much to ever *want* to go back to the old habits. I am healed to stay.

And I healed *myself*. No one taught me how, or helped me. *The spirit in me*, of which I then knew nothing at all, showed me wherein I needed healing, and prompted me to take the right course to accomplish the work.

To *act* health is to “express health.” It makes no

difference whether you know what you are doing or not; it makes no difference what sort of theories or lack of theories you may hold; the one abiding law is: *To ACT health is to express it—to press it out.* By acting health we *press it out* where it can be seen and felt; out of the subjective into the objective world.

All things are within us. By *acting* them we press them out where we can feel, see, touch, taste and hear them.

I have told you these first two remembered cases (all one's life is a series of self-healings) that you may see how simple a thing it all is. There is nothing "miraculous" or "divine" about it, except as all not-understood things are miraculous, and *all* things divine. Self-healing is a perfectly natural thing, and is done daily, hourly, momentarily, by all peoples of the earth. But, like myself in those early days, most people do not *know* they are healing themselves. They think it "just happened so," or else they think nothing at all about it—as I did then. They respond subconsciously to the promptings of the immanent spirit of health, and think not at all.

CHAPTER II.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

But there came a time when I had to think. Life was proving itself but a succession of blasted ideals and useless effort. "Things went wrong"—that is, they failed to go as I *expected* them to.

It takes something besides expectation to bring things to pass.

Things went from bad to worse. I contracted the worry habit and I fancy I had always been subject to the habit of fault-finding, though I did not then realize it. It is these critical, self-righteous, well-meaning people, you know, who get all their ideals smashed and are disappointed in life. They are subconsciously certain they know just how everybody ought to behave and as nobody behaves as they expect, and they can't make them over, they are grievously disappointed in all, themselves included. That was me all over. I tried and tried to make over my husband, my children, my friends, my house, and even my clothes and myself. I strained and strove. The sole result was that I spoiled my temper and my health, and my husband, children, friends grew more and more contrary. They were too *individual* to be made over.

And I was too positive and self-righteous to give it up. I kept on until I felt I had not a friend in the world, let alone a *real* husband or child. I developed heart trouble, and chronic sore throat and nervous headaches, punctuated by acute attacks of all sorts of things from "malaria" to diphtheria. And my nerves were torn to tatters. If it had not been for magnificent natural recuperative power born of ever-springing subconscious hope, I would have died, or killed myself. Nobody who has not been through the same hell can imagine half the tortures of such a life. And it took years to go through this hell and arrive at the culmination of all things, as it seemed to me then and does yet.

It was literally the culmination of *things*—I had never found a *principle* to live by. Life was to me a jumble of things, useless, conflicting, torturing. All my good intentions came to naught and things and people were perverse. My heart troubled me so: I made all preparations for sudden death. My headaches grew so frequent and severe that I thought I would surely go insane if I didn't die. I was afraid to live, and I was afraid to die. Not afraid of what might come to *me* after death, but what might overtake my motherless children, though goodness knows what I thought *I* could save them from, having so utterly failed to bring them or myself up as I meant to.

So I went to the depths of despair. I had tried my best and failed utterly. There was *no* place to turn.

Of course, nobody knew all this. I was too proud to tell anything. Every Sunday I put on my accustomed manner and took my usual place in the church choir, even when my throat troubled me so that I had to leave before the sermon commenced.

All this time I was agnostic as to religion and sceptical as to a divine and superhuman power. But when I got to the end of my own power I was not so anxious to deny a God-power. Everything else having failed me, my own wisdom and power and intentions included, I began to wish there might be something or other to help me out of my self-digged miry pit of despond.

I ended by believing in a power and purpose behind *things*, and I set myself diligently to seek the kingdom of Good and to be right with it. I *let go* all the old things and started anew, with the new testament as

a guide. I quit trying to *make* my children, my husband and myself be good. I quit trying to "run things." In despair I *had* to *let* them be just what they chose to be. All this energy which had been turned toward making people and things over I now turned toward finding out *why* they were as they were. Instead of vainly trying to control man's ways I set myself to find out *God's* way. As soon as I *let go* I "found peace," as the exhorter expressed it; which is a mightily apt term for expressing that state of mind. To *let go* of material things, of *visible* things, is to "find peace," which is always the result of adjustment to things as they are. I now adjusted *myself*, instead of trying to adjust others. Or rather, I let go, and found that I was *already adjusted*.

Having failed miserably with the things which are seen I washed my hands of them and turned my attention to the things which are not seen. I turned from the *body* to the *soul*. Every time I caught myself troubling about *things*, and the acts of persons, I again washed my hands of it all and went back to the unseen. I reasoned that *if* there is a power over all, then all must be as that power ordains; that there are reasons for things which I could not fathom. I came to the conclusion that at least I must *act* as if "Whatever is, is right."—I must *trust* that it is, even when it seems all wrong. I grew a little glimmer of hope that the world was not so topsy turvy and perverse as I had imagined.

So I went on trusting in God, and diligently seeking him. I tried more and more to adjust *myself* to the Law of Love, letting others do as they would. And I found, dearies, by this course of *acting* as if

God is, that he, or It, really *is*, and that he is a “rewarder of them that diligently seek him.”

Of course all my “rewards” were at first “spiritual.” That is, I grew in *peace*. For the first time in my life I saw real and stable *results* from my efforts, though the results were not then visible to others, and only visible to me by the “inner eye” or sense of *feeling*. I *felt* better than ever before in my life, felt quieter *inside*.

And after a few months of this new kind of *letting-go-life* I began to really *see* outward changes. There was less friction in my home life, and my children “behaved” better. There were relapses to be sure, and I too had relapses, but on the whole, my home life was distinctly improving. So I really began to *see* that *trusting*, letting go, being still, could accomplish what years of striving had never even begun.

In a little while more it was borne in upon me that the striving had *postponed* the thing I strove for. Striving had *destroyed* the peace and harmony I so intensely longed for. And *I* had done the striving! Being a positive, strong, whole-souled worker in any line, I had by my intense striving done more than *anybody* else toward making *inharmony*! Of course, being just that kind of a whole-souled, positive worker and having seen my mistake, I now threw all my immense energy on the other side. I made it my business day and night to *live* love, and peace, to let go and trust. I worked with “my might.” I *let go* of every *thing* 1,000 times a day, and in every thought of my life I tried to be God-like—“*perfect* as your Father in heaven is perfect.” It was the *one* aim of my life.

CHAPTER III.

THE DAWN.

When we do things with our *whole* soul it does not take long to accomplish something. I lived in the "Sermon on the Mount" night and day, until I found the spirit of it. I concluded that the gist of the whole Bible is this:

"*The spirit shall lead the individual into all truth,*" the "spirit" being God, or Love, the spirit of *each* of us. This much of the Bible I grasped, but the rest of it, and the conflicting teachings of theologians, were to me as had been all of life thus far, but a mass of meaningless contradictions. Then it occurred to me to *let* the spirit enlighten me as to the meaning of the Bible and of life. So I let go all my old ideas and opinions of everything—I turned my agnosticism on *things*, and clung to the one *principle* I had found.

I had heard of "faith healing"—and repudiated it, as I repudiated all things I did not know about. Now I began to apply my principle;—how did I *know* there could be no faith healing?—the spirit had not even been asked about it! So I wiped off my prejudice and said, "Spirit, lead *me* into the knowledge of how to be well and how to heal." Then I began to understand.

As soon as I *let go* and began to rely upon the spirit of truth within me I felt for the first time in my short and agitated life, a real *peace*.

Of course my "general health" immediately improved. But the headaches and the sore throats and the heart attacks kept recurring. And my irritability

persisted. I was healed of my restlessness and the heaviest of my fears. I "trusted all to God." But the effects of past agonies were still with me. I needed more healing.

It was about this time that I heard of "divine healing" and came into touch with *Unity*, by which I was greatly helped. The spirit was leading me. So I became deeply imbued with the healing idea. I wanted to be a healer.

But I was ashamed to set up as a healer until I had healed myself of heart trouble and sore throat and the catching-cold-habit. So I went to treating myself for dear life, with all the choice *Unity* formulas and my own besides. But in spite of all I could do my heart *would* turn over at times, and the colds would come and my tonsils swell. All my solemn little denials and affirmations apparently affected me not at all.

Then one day it occurred to me to "trust the spirit" to heal me in its own good time and place, whilst I set myself to treat other folks. I was afraid and ashamed to let anyone know I meant to heal others, because I was myself so manifestly unhealed. So I treated people in secret.

I had read Thomson J. Hudson's splendid book, "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and I began to "send my subjective mind" to heal whilst I slept. Hudson records having treated 100 "incurables" in this way, and *every one* got well.

For the sake of convenience, Hudson divides the human being into two minds—the waking or objective mind, and the mind which rules when we sleep, which he calls subjective. To the subjective mind he attrib-

utes practically unlimited power and wisdom, which he says is *subject* to suggestions from the objective mind. So just before going to sleep he (objective self) talks to his subjective mind as if it were a separate individual; he *directs* it to do certain work whilst he (objective self) sleeps. To each of these 100 incurables in succession he sent his subjective for healing, *one* person to a night. And all responded and recovered.

So I set to work as Hudson had, to treat incurables. My first case was that of a two year old child who was dying of spinal meningitis. I had often seen its father, who was a train conductor, but I knew neither parent, nor the child. A neighbor of mine told me about the doctors giving the child up after 2 days of terrible rigor. It was the most hopeless case I had heard of and most pitiful, so I tried Hudson's method. That night I mentally talked to my subjective self something like this: "Now, Subjective, you are *God*; there is *nothing* you can't do; you can heal this child who is past all human help; you *can*, you CAN; I have no faith in you at all—not a speck; it seems preposterous to me to think you can do anything without hands or feet or drugs; I haven't an atom of faith in you; but that doesn't matter—you are *you* and my faith or not-faith is nothing to you; GO *now*, in spite of everything, and HEAL that child; I don't know how you are to do it, but you must *do* it; go and heal her; go and heal her; go—and—heal—her;—go—"—and I went comfortably off to sleep.

Next morning I waked feeling as I fancy Eve must have felt the first time she opened her eyes on paradise and Adam, with no shame and no fig leaf between

herself and God. I never felt so strong and buoyant before in my life.

I didn't dare ask about the child, for fear my neighbor would think I had been treating it. But two or three days later she accosted me on the street and asked me point blank if I had treated that child. I answered her question with another—"Why?"—and she told me the whole town and the doctors were marvelling over *what* had healed the child, for it was well; and it was *her* surmise that *I* had been treating it.

That was the first of many. Every time I heard of a case of sickness I "sent my subjective." The only one who failed to get well was a young girl who was far gone with tuberculosis. I did not hear of her until it was said she would not live the month out. The night I sent my subjective to her (she *never* knew me, or that I tried to heal her) she had a dream in which an angel appeared and told her she would heal her. For several weeks the girl seemed to take a new lease of life. But eventually she passed on. I believe if proper diet and breathing exercises had been used with the mental treatment, that girl would have recovered.

In addition to sending the subjective to these people I treated them daily. After the children were off to school I "went into the silence" with a written list of all my "patients." I began by "concentrating" for 15 or 20 minutes on one idea, such as "I am love," or "I and the Father are one," or "God is love," or just simply "Love." The idea of love was one I clung to persistently—or perhaps *it* clung to *me*—for the reason that I seemed to myself to be a most *un-*

loving person, and I longed to love, everything and everybody, and most of all *my work*, the daily routine work I *hated*. I wanted to be like God, and I had read that he is Love. So I dwelt much upon *Love*, its nature and uses and how to *be* it. I went into the silence with some love-statement, and tried to *rest* my mind upon it until I became still—until nothing “worldly” intruded.

When I first began this practice I made sorry work of it. My outside thoughts seemed to swirl around and around the love-statement, as water will swirl if you stir it around and around in a pail. You know there will seem to be a still place in the *center* of the pail, whilst the water races dizzily around it. So the thoughts in my mind would swirl around that love-statement until I was far more conscious of the outside thoughts than of the center one I was trying to “hold.” Sometimes I would sit for half an hour and hardly lose consciousness of the swirl for a minute. But every time I caught my attention running around the circumference I brought it firmly back to the *center*, and went on thinking, or rather *resting*, in the still love-statement. The more *agitated* my thoughts were when I sat down, with hurry or worry or impatience, the longer it took to get “into the silence”—which means simply to get still, mentally and physically.

But practice makes perfect, and I kept at it until I could go almost instantly into the silence, at any hour of day or night—*unless* I had been particularly disturbed or excited to begin with. Then I had to wait longer for my thoughts to *run down*, before I could get into the silence.

Well, each morning after I sat down and let myself get still I took up my "patients" one by one and "treated" them. That is, I said over the name of one and then tried to *imagine* her whole and straight and bright, the perfect woman. To this mental picture of the perfect woman I would then begin to talk mentally, as if I really saw her and was *describing her to herself*. Something like this: "Why, Mary, you are glorious! You are perfect! You are beautiful, and strong, and good clear through. You are one with God, and you smile and *realize* your goodness and wisdom and power. All you desire is yours and you rejoice. You are loving, kind, as well as wise and powerful. You are ideal, Mary, and your own comes to you!" Then I would take up the next one in the same way. Sometimes if I could not lose consciousness of their diseases I would *deny* each one in detail, as if I were *wiping out* a picture. "You are *not* weak—your liver is *not* torpid—your stomach is *not* a weak one—etc." Then I would picture the perfect woman, or man, as the case might be, and call it by the "patient's" name, describing to it all its perfections.

To deny a thing is to wipe it out. To affirm a thing is literally to *make it firm*. Both things are done in *imagination* and responded to in reality. When imagination held an imperfect image I denied it away in detail; when I succeeded in imagining a beautiful, perfect picture I affirmed it. The longer I worked at this the less denying and more affirming I did, because by practice I gained control of my imagination, and it grew easier to conjure up the sort of pictures I *wanted* to see and affirm.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.

The treatment of others is such an absorbing topic that I have told you a lot more than I meant to about it. It is *self*-healing we are supposed to be talking about.

But this very divergence on my part is a good illustration of the way I really in those days forgot my own ills in healing, or trying to heal, others. I grew so absorbed in my experiments on this line that I completely forgot I had a heart that flopped and stood still on occasion; or nervous headaches which made me feel as if my head bulged and then shrunk, bulged and shrunk, like a big, fat, soft, sore pulp of a heart, instead of a bony bowl with gumption in it. I forgot too that I might catch a cold and have sore tonsils. I was delightfully absorbed in healing others, and as a means to this end I was spending all my nights and several hours of every day in "concentrating," "holding the thought," denying, affirming, "sending the subjective," and reading and meditating over all the literature I could find touching the healing idea. I became absolutely "consecrated" to the work of healing. Everything in my life which came between me and healing had to go. I found that impatience and hurry and worry all made it hard for me to "go into the silence," so I set myself to *let go*, that I might be steady in mind. I found that to rush around physically, no matter for what purpose, had the result of stirring me up mentally. So I set myself to control *all* my movements as well as my thoughts.

I found also that my housework did *not* interfere with my healing. Everything I did afforded me an opportunity to *control* my movements, and this all conduced to mental control. I began to go about all my work as if I carried on my head a jar of precious fluid which I must be most careful not to spill. I "walked softly," and all my movements began to take on a *grace* and gentleness and precision which they had never before known. All the old, head-long, jerky motions by which so many little household "accidents" were always occurring, *must* be stopped in order to prevent the slopping over of that precious fluid.

You see, every one of us *does* carry a precious fluid which, if he would be healthy and full of the joy of living, must not be slopped about carelessly. Instead of carrying it in a jar on our heads we carry it inside our heads, *and in every nerve of the body*. And every jerky, careless, heedless, *thought-less, unintentioned* motion is a slopping over and wasting of this force. Hurry and worry, impatience and *carelessness* are robbing you of your God-power. You are literally by careless motions, slopping yourself over.

Concentration is the cure, and concentration is simply *being still*. Instead of wasting your energy by unnecessary jiggings and joggings, impatient tappings of feet or fingers, rockings to and fro, jerky movements, twitchings and twistings, if you will set yourself to cut off all these little leakages you will find the tide of your energy rising higher and higher until you *feel* and realize that you have energy enough and to spare, for *anything* you want to undertake.

Of course all this jiggling and joggling of body is caused by an unquiet, uncontrolled mind, and the cure for it lies in quieting, controlling and directing the mind.

In all my experience at mental control I have found no aid so great as that of *making the mind follow the bodily movements*. The motions of an unrestful mind are not only very jerky and wasteful, but they are exceedingly quick. Such a mind vibrates with the speed and destructiveness of lightning, and the owner simply *cannot* compel it to be absolutely quiet. But he *can direct its movements*, to a very great extent. By directing the mind to follow the bodily motions, *which are infinitely slower than mental motions*, he can accomplish great things toward quieting the mind. By a little practice the mind catches the slower, more regular vibrations of the body, after which it is quite possible to still further quiet it to a complete standstill—as in “making the mind a blank.”

When you know that the entirely uncontrolled mind is the insane mind, at the mercy of any and all outside influences, you realize the importance and *necessity* of mind control, and you see the great value of that simple little every-day practice of making the mind follow bodily acts.

It is in gaining control of the mind that *work* is the greatest blessing of mankind.

“Ah, little recks the laborer,
How near his work is holding him to God.
The loving Laborer through time and space.”

The universe is one Great Mind which is in process

of being self-controlled. *You* have your little corner of the Great Mind to control, and I have mine. *And creation is all the really controlled mind there is.* Outside of that all is as yet uncontrolled mind.

All that part of you which goes flitting and jiggling at the mercy of outward conditions, is an enormous but uncontrolled force. It is a force great enough to create millions of times more than you have yet created. But of what value is it until you can *use* it at will, instead of letting it run away with you at its own *caprice*? Undirected mind is simply undirected lightning.

To gain control of this immense unused power is the object of all thought, all creation and all uncreation. Mind comes into control through *action*, through work. Mind builds and moves all things. Mind continually re-builds and refines them *as it is better controlled*.

Having directed mind once to make the movements of scrubbing up a kitchen floor, it becomes *easier* to direct it again in the same way. You thus become able to direct your mind to scrubbing a floor when you are totally unable to direct it in some other line. Consequently when your mind gets "all stirred up" and apparently beyond your control, if you will just *begin* your controlling at the *easiest* place—if you will set your mind to scrubbing up the floor in the very *best* possible manner, *following painstakingly every movement*, you will find by the time the floor is done, that your mind is much quieter and more docile than when you began. If it is not yet quiet *enough*, go direct it to *more* work, and keep at it until you can get your mind under full control:—that is, until you

can think of the old disturbing thing without getting “worked up.”

When you are “worked up” you literally tear things up just as lightning does. You tear out by the roots many of the results of past patient effort. You are really *insane* at such times, and you do *yourself*, your body, far greater damage than you dream of. Not only this, but you have for the time being lost control of *the only force which is able to make right the wrong you are so stirred up about*. Whilst you are in this uncontrolled, insane condition of mind you can do nothing but damage—damage to *yourself*, as well as mayhap to others.

Therefore get quiet. The quickest, surest way to get quiet is the one I have indicated—by directing your mind to the doing of things it is *used* to doing, until you have it again under command.

Mind is not only the only power but the only wisdom for directing its power. “Oh, what shall I do?”—you exclaim to yourself, when you are “worked up” about something. Whilst you are agitated the answer is always some violent thing—“*Smash! Tear! KILL!!*” it says, and it is not particular *what* is smashed or torn, or who is killed. “Oh, what *shall* I do!” and you rave and rage and wring your hands and “work yourself up” a little more. And the answer is always something unreasonable, and if you follow it you are invariably sorry or ashamed afterward.

Never say “What shall I do” whilst you are “worked up.” Go scrub the kitchen floor and see how *well* you can do it. Direct all that worked up energy into the doing of something you *know* you can never

be sorry for. If scrubbing the floor is not vigorous enough outlet for your worked up energy of mind try splitting wood. Better scrub, or split wood, than give somebody a tongue lashing you *might* regret.

After you have quieted your mind to the homely and useful vibrations of scrubbing the floor the thing you were so worked up over will have shrunk amazingly. Instead of being the biggest thing in the universe, the inflated vision of a crazed mind and imagination, it will come down to its normal size and assume its real place. You will feel quiet, ready to think the thing over without getting "worked up."

Now is your time to say "Oh, what shall I do?"—to your mind. But this time, instead of walking up and down and wringing your hands and distorting your face into all sorts of wild and crazy expressions whilst you ask, you will sit with relaxed muscles and nerves and quiet face, and ask quietly but firmly, "*What shall I do?*"

And the probability is you will *get no answer*—which means simply that your mind, now under some control, says to you, "*Not yet—not yet—forget—let go—you are not ready to do anything.*" You are not yet *quite* ready to do anything which afterward you will be *proud* of.

Now if you are a sensible person you will do as you are bid—you will let the thing pass and *do nothing about it*. But you will go on and live your best life as if the thing had never been.

Then some day, after you haven't thought of the old bug-a-boo for a long time, it will suddenly all recur to you. And you will again ask "What shall I do?" But this time you will *smile* as you ask it,

ever so gently. And your face will shine a little with a peaceful surprise at yourself—surprise that you no longer *care* what the answer is and you no longer care that the thing happened. And *now* you are *ready* and behold you hear the answer, and it is this: “*Be kind.*” And you think of a kind thing to do, and you do it.

And ever after when you remember it all, and especially when you remember that you were *kind*, you are glad, *glad*, deep down in your heart of hearts, and in your *soul*. And your face takes on a sweeter expression, and your eyes shine with a deeper beauty than was ever seen there before.

Now all this is certain to happen just as I have pictured it, no matter *what* is the cause of your getting “worked up.” You will invariably be sorry for following the advice of a *worked up* mind, no matter whether the cause of the agitation was something that somebody else did, or that you did, or whether it was worked up by anxiety or worry or hurry or fear of anything or anybody. A worked up mind is ever a blind guide and leads you into the ditch.

But a *quiet* mind is the true guide whose leadings you will always be glad you followed. Wait until you are still, and smiling, and *willing*, before you say, “What shall I do?”—or at least before you *follow* the directions.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRITUAL TIDES.

As I gave myself up more and more to the healing of others I tried more faithfully to control my mind. It was in doing this that I learned what I have just been telling you. And by the practice of it I gained almost perfect control over my "temper," besides increasing immeasurably my power to heal.

And then it was I discovered that *I was myself healed*. My heart had ceased to flop and my tonsils to swell, and I no more took cold at the slightest provocation or none at all. And my old headaches were gone forever. Since then I have been no more subject to these things than has the healthiest person of all my readers. *I am a healed woman*.

Through gaining control of my mind by the practices here outlined to you, I gained control of my body. Body and mind are *one*.

All this did not come about in a week or a month. I was a very impulsive, uncontrolled and uncontrollable young woman; my body fully showed forth my mental state by many chronic and acute diseased conditions which were always intense as I was intense; and it took time and work to correct all these mental and physical inharmonies.

It was two or three years at least from the time I went to treating others, before I was myself fully healed. And through all this time when the old attacks would come on again I went through all the *feelings* of discouragement and despair that any of my readers can imagine. It seemed at such times that

I was relapsing into the old state and never *would* be healed. I even doubted the whole principle of mind-healing and *tried* to give it all up and forget it.

But I could not. The truth held *me*, whether I held *it* or not. Every time I had a back-set I rose out of its discouragement and kept on trying.

After it was all over and I knew myself healed I could see that the whole thing was a matter of *out-growing*. As I gained control of myself the old attacks grew lighter (though once in a while I would seem to have as bad an attack as ever) and less frequent, and finally they failed to come at all.

During all this time I never asked another to help me. Being a very materialistic, or rationalistic, individual I simply could not *see* how "absent treatment" could possibly reach me. It was through my own trials at absent treating that I came to know that absent treatment *does* reach the patient, whether I could *see* the reasons and mode or not. But by the time I had convinced myself of this I had proved my own power to such an extent that pride held me to the purpose of healing myself without assistance from others.

One other thing had weight in holding me to this purpose—the man to whom I was then married held mental science and healers in utter contempt, and he likewise had "no money to throw away." Knowing this, my *conscience* kept me from using "his" money in ways he so bitterly or contemptuously disapproved. In those days I subconsciously held the old idea that a housewife lives off her husband's money, by more or less grudging charity on his part.

So, having no money of my own, I had nothing to tempt me from my desire to heal myself.

I am glad of it. I healed myself and *I know how I did it*. All healing is self-healing, but all is not consciously done. Only conscious knowledge makes one truly wise to help themselves and others.

Whilst I was going through these experiences there were many times I could not see that I was making headway in the new directions. I was like the Israelites who wandered in the wilderness. It seemed to take me 40 years to do what 40 days ought to suffice for. I seemed too, to wander around and come back to the same starting place, as people are said to do when lost in a wilderness. But every discouraged spell preceded another spell of *trying*, and on I went.

I know now what I never suspected then, that there are UNSEEN *tides of spiritual force which work in and through us*, and which rise and fall, rise and fall, as do the tides of ocean. When these spiritual tides are rising we are impelled to greater activity and accomplishment. Then it is we congratulate ourselves that we are "growing." But as these spiritual tides ebb again we feel an inertia creeping through us; we *don't want* to try. We grow frightened at our own backslidings and imagine we are all wrong. And many times fear lashes us into desperate strivings, which only tire us and accomplish nothing at all. It is as if we had been joyously swimming *with* an incoming wave of the ocean, and then fought despairingly against the *outflow* as it struck us.

Now a wise swimmer never battles against the outflow. He works *with* the incoming wave; dives under its breaking crest; and then floats and *rests* and *lets*

the outflow *carry him out with it*. But he knows he will be again caught by an *incoming* wave, and that by taking advantage of it, by working *with* it, he can swim much nearer in shore than he was before. So by *resting* on the outflow he *gains power to work with* the incoming wave, and thus reaches easily the shore. But the swimmer who *grows afraid* and battles desperately on through ebb and flow alike, will wear out his strength and go down.

Through all creation runs the same ebb and flow, ebb and flow, which you can see in the ocean. It is the *life-pulse* of creation. And there is in it pulse within pulse—the long ebb and flow of spring and fall, the short ebb and flow at your own wrist. Just so there are long spiritual spring-flows and fall-ebbs, and there are the short *daily* ones you can easily feel. And there are infinitely smaller ones of which you are not yet conscious, but to which you subconsciously respond. The spiritual tides of the One-Power *flow in all veins*. We feel them, and respond, but we as yet only dimly understand.

But where we cannot¹ understand we may *trust*. As I wandered in the wilderness of “ups and downs,” as I descended from Transfiguration Mounts to deep Valleys of Shadows, and then ascended again, and yet was never *quite* lost, I learned more and more how to trust; until in time I came to KNOW that “*all things work together for good*” to *those who work with them*.

All nature works, and then rests; works and rests. I caught its rhythm and worked and rested with it. When I felt that inertia stealing over me, I rested;

and while resting *my power recuperated*—the tide rose *in me*.

And every time I found my faith came true—*my power came in stronger than ever. And every time I was capable of more.*

I feel these pulses of power in *all* I do. If I have writing to do and am not in the mood, I know *that* particular tide is ebbing. *So I work for the time with the tide which is rising.* If my writing-tide is ebbing my house-work-tide, or my reading-tide, or my visiting-tide, is ready to flow. So for the time I go *with* one of these, always with my finger on the pulse of the writing-tide. At the first sign of that rising I rise *with* it.

You see, whilst I *rest* with *one* tide, I may be *working with another*. It is not always necessary to rest *all* of our complex being at one time. As we gain control of ourselves we can often rest most effectually *one* part by exercising some other—as we rest our writing-faculties by riding the bicycle. But this requires real self-control, gained by long practice at *resting all over*, and practice at using *only* the muscles really needed in each action. Such control is gained as a pianist gains control of his fingers. When he first begins to practice he finds that when he tries to strike a key with *one* finger all the other fingers make motions too. So he has to bend his mind very carefully down through his fingers, making each motion slowly and painstakingly, until he gets his *other* four fingers taught to *rest* whilst the *one* finger works. Else, you see, he would waste *five* fingers' energy in striking *one* key; and besides the waste there would be those four fingers all stirred up and *unready* to strike

their keys as the tide of his will rose into them. So we gain control of ourselves first by resting *all* over; then by resting all parts *except* the ones absolutely necessary to making the particular movements intended. Thus we recuperate *one* part whilst we use another. We work *with* one tide whilst waiting for another to rise. This keeps us always in trim for *some* kind of activity, either mental, physical or *spiritual*.

CHAPTER VI.

JUST HOW.

Spiritual activity is what most people neglect, and they harp on the physical until their nerves are in tatters—as mine were before I first “found peace.” By spiritual activity I mean what Helen Wilmans calls “rising into the ideal brain.” It is preceded by absolute relaxation of the body *and brain itself*. It is the getting away of attention from the *manifest* world that it may rest in *potential* things. It is rising from the “world *I Do*” into the “world *I AM*”—from the limited into the realm of the unlimited, where imagination and reason may stretch their wings and soar, and bring back Ideas, and Power, and Joy, and Life. We are so occupied with the manifold tides of physical activity that we fail to work *with* the spiritual tides which can *lift us above* the physical, and flow through and rejuvenate the physical activities.

Now you will doubtless ask me “just how” I “rise into the ideal” and “soar,” so I had better tell you

right here. At first there was not much "soaring" about it. I began by sitting for half an hour or so, leaving my body perfectly limp (usually I "sat" by lying full length on my back on the bed), and trying simply to *imagine* what *Omnipresence* meant, and to realize that I and Omnipresence are one and indivisible. Another day I took *Omniscience* in the same way; then *Omnipotence*; always trying to realize my oneness with all Presence, Wisdom and Power. Of course this was *stupid* work for a long time, and I had hard work to keep awake over it. And I had *harder* work to tear myself away from more substantial sorts of activity. Sometimes I did fail, but not often.

But *one* thing was always gained, even from the first sitting—no matter how hard I found it to go away and take that half hour or so of spiritual exercise I never failed to rise from it feeling *quiet* and *ready* for anything, and full of *kindness*. And if I failed to take my half hour (it was my custom to do this early in the morning) I almost invariably had an unsatisfactory and often a stormy morning, when "everything went wrong." I learned after a time the real sense in John Wesley's habit of taking an extra long time the first thing in the morning for *prayer*, whenever he had a particularly hard day ahead. He would say, "I have so much to do today that I cannot possibly get through it all without at least *three hours* of prayer to begin with." That meant three hours of spiritual gymnastics to fill him with power for mental and physical effort. If he prayed as I have heard old fashioned preachers pray, using body and lungs as if God were a long way off and had to be exhorted and motioned to, I can easily understand

why he needed three hours instead of one, for prayer. He did not *rest his body* whilst exercising his spirit. He had not learned to *let*. But on the other hand, perhaps I would have been more quickly healed if *I* had used three hours instead of half an hour or so.

After I had kept up this spiritual exercising for some weeks or months I began to have a real realization of the meaning of those three sublime words, Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence, and of *my own identity with their reality*. *Grand* things, shining things, came to me, dearie—things not possible to convey to you by tongue or pen; but things which are *Omnipresent*—things which are in the ideal realm ready and waiting for *you* to realize, as I did.

Perhaps you will ask me *how* and *where* I *feel* these spiritual tides. Well, dearie, I feel them *in my desires*, in my “moods.” A “writing mood” means that that tide is rising; a house-work mood means *that* tide is rising; a desire to read indicates the rising of still another tide; and so on *ad infinitum*. And a desire to sleep means a rest all over. I follow these inclinations religiously, in full faith that I am working *with* the spiritual tides of the universe—that I am following “the spirit’s leadings.”

Right here I must tell you that my first trial at trusting and following these inclinations was a funny affair—as I now see it! All my life until about ten years ago I had been a duty-servant to an abnormally developed conscience and caution. (These are really two sides of one faculty, and lie in the cranium as close bed-fellows; conscience being the *soul*, or spiritual self of caution.) I began every remark with “I *must*”—“I must do this,” and “I must do that.”

And I lived always on a strain, trying to do what I felt I "must" do, and never, it seemed to me, able to do as I *wished*. When I came to that darkest hour when I seemed to be shipwrecked I let go even the "musts." I said to myself and God, "Now here I am given up to God—I am all on the altar to *stay*; whatever desires God *allows* to stay in my heart I am going to *follow* and call them *God's* desires." You see, I was desperate. I had tried *so* hard and long to *make* myself have "good" desires, and there were the same old ones stronger than ever. I supposed I knew what desires were "good," but since then I have learned that some I called "bad" were *good*, as for instance the desire to be happy and loved; but my false ideals of a righteous life included the doing of "duty" when it was hard, and the carrying of a solemn face and heart. These ideas, of course, I outgrew as I learned that God is *love*. And with such ideals it is no wonder I failed miserably in living up to them. They were unnatural standards of life. Well, I gave up trying and turned myself loose to follow *whatever* desires God let come into my heart. I was a little provoked and resentful too, to think the supreme power had not enabled me to follow out the standards I thought right. So I just washed my hands of the whole thing and told God if there was any making over *he* would have to do it.

What do you suppose was my first desire after I had thus dropped all responsibility for myself and the world? I wanted to *sleep*. I *couldn't* seem to sleep enough. "Well, I'll *sleep* then," I said—"if God doesn't want me to sleep he can wake me up." So I slept. I would get up in the morning and get

breakfast. Catherine and Chester washed up the dishes and went to school and down I went onto the couch and *slept*, until noon. Then I got them a light lunch (their father did not come home at noon) and as soon as we had eaten it they went back to school again, and I to my couch, where I slept until almost night. And I went to bed at eight and never turned over until six in the morning. I let all my work go. My bed was open all day and spread up when I was ready to get into it. During the day when I was sleeping I would start up half awake every little while and think "Oh, I *must* get up and clean up this house!" Then I'd remember and drop back—"No," I would say, "if God wants the work done he can wake me up and make me *want* to do it." So I slept on, for *ten days or more*. Then after I had slept an hour one morning I suddenly grew wide awake, feeling that fresh, alert *pleasure* that one ought always to feel when waking up. And it came into my mind that I would *like* to get up and clean the kitchen thoroughly and get ready for a *nice* lunch and six-o'clock dinner. "Ah, that is *God* working in me," I said to myself; and I got up and put myself in order, and cleaned and planned and cooked all that blessed day, with a keen yet quiet *pleasure* in my work such as I could not remember ever having experienced before. And at night I was not tired, and the children and their father were angelic.

The next day I had no inclination to sleep. I wanted to clean, and improve things. "Ah, God is putting new desires in me," I thought, and I was glad. There was no more sleeping in the day time. Whenever I had the least inclination to stop work, or

to change it, or to rest, or to go visiting, or to "let things slide," I just said, "I am *God's* and these are *his* wishes—I'll *do* 'em." And I did.

Of course there were times when under stress of extra work, or inharmony in the family, I found it hard to do *just* as I *wanted* to. I had slight relapses into the old "I *must*" conditions, but not many nor serious ones; and I had learned my little lesson.

Here is my understanding of the case: I had never since childhood lived one *natural* waking hour. Always there was strain, strain, effort, and that horrible *disappointment* with myself—that "I *must*" condition, like a lashed and quivering animal. All this interferes with bodily functions. My system was clogged with waste matter. Now when I once *let go* with such a will, I was affected all over. The utter letting go induced sleep, and sleep induced more relaxation, which was necessary to elimination of dead cells from the body. During that rest period I was literally re-built and rose a new creature. I never felt so quiet and strong and *whole* before in my life. I *felt* new, and I acted so. And best of all I had learned the lesson of *not driving* myself.

The good effects of that sleep never left me. And after a time, as I thought it all over I came to see that we were meant to *love* work, and that in a natural *undriven* state we would *love any* sort of activity we chose to engage in.

Then it was I began to see that the key to heaven and happiness is held by a *little child*, who is *natural* and follows with joy and trust his God-given inclinations. To him work is *play*. Since that time I have never *labored*. I *play* at all I do. I *love* my

work, every bit of it. And I guard jealously the *play spirit* in me—which is the *love-spirit*. At any moment I find anything becoming *work* to me I drop it and go *play* at something else. Or I read, or take a nap—just as a child does. I have learned better than to *let* work become *work*. And by this new way of playing at my work I do *twice* as much as I used to be able to do, and *do it far better*, besides *loving* to do it.

Perhaps you will think all this conduces to irresponsibility—that one who lives so would fail to be punctual and to keep agreements. But it is not so. The thing one *loves* to do is done *well* and promptly. And if one does only as he loves to do it, you could hardly suggest to him *any* sort of work he would not *love* to do, and do it on time. Here is an illustration: Chester used to enjoy going on errands for me. He was my trusty messenger always. I could give him money and send him to the store, and all the boys in town could not distract his attention until he had brought back the thing I sent him for. He *liked* to do it. But Catherine didn't like to run errands. Consequently *her* attention was side tracked by the first girl who poked her head out of the window and said, "Hello." She stopped for a chat and forgot all about the "*must*" which had been said to her, and which she fully *intended* to heed. Chester *liked* to go, and did it *well*.

I find from experience that the more completely I work *with* these spiritual tides of energy *the better control I have of them*. Just as one is able by a little judicious exercise to bring blood and warmth back into cold hands or feet, so apparently by a little

mental exercise I seem able to direct the spiritual tides to rise as I choose. It may be though, that the *tide itself* is what makes me do this—that its rising within me *impels* me to *want* to do a certain thing at a certain time. This latter idea might accord more readily with some of the unexplained *facts* of astrology. At any rate, whichever explanation is correct it is certainly true that I *seem* to be able to make the tides of spiritual energy rise in any given direction at will. For instance, if I have an article to write at a special date. Whenever I see that my regular work is arranging so that I shall be able to take, say tomorrow morning for the writing, I can invariably get myself “into the mood” at the proper time. I begin *the day before*. Whenever it occurs to my mind that tomorrow morning I am to write an article I say to myself *positively* something like this: “Tomorrow I shall be *ready* to write; I shall *want* to; tonight I shall rest quietly and wake in the morning fresh and clean and *ready* to receive from the spirit *higher* thoughts than ever before, and I shall be able to clothe them in more *vital* words.” I say something like this whenever I happen to remember what I have to do, and *especially* I do it the last thing before I sleep at night, when I tell “the subjective,” the mind which is active whilst we sleep, to *get ready* for the writing. I doubt if I have failed once in two years to “bring the mood” by this sort of preparation. Every writer will appreciate the immense advantage of being able to bring “the mood” at will, for “the mood” means ease and facility and *joy* in writing, and *no mood* means what James Whitcomb Riley is said to have expressed to a certain old lady. She ex-

claimed, "Oh, Mr. Riley, how lovely to get a dollar for every word you write, as I hear you do! You must have such piles of money!" But he was equal to the occasion; "Well, you see, madam, sometimes I sit for a whole day and can't think of a damn word."

There are no limits to the possibilities of "bringing the mood." I can bring the mood for anything by beginning in time, so that anything I have to do is a *joy*. And what I can do *you* can do if you are resolute and persistent.

Perhaps you will wonder how it will be when I am called unexpectedly to do something. I am *always* getting ready for this! Whenever I think of it I tell myself that I have "a heart for any fate"—that it is a *pleasure* to meet the unexpected—that I turn instantly with *joy*, as a child does—that I am *poised* and *ready* for anything. There was a time, when I first realized the importance of being ready for emergencies, that I lived almost night and day for weeks, with that line singing itself in my mind—"With a heart for *any* fate"—and all the time I tried to just *let go* and trust myself fearlessly, happily to "fate" as a strong swimmer to the water. Because of this constant *being ready* I rarely meet the unexpected without perfect poise.

Right here let me remind you that *these* are the sorts of practices which really *tell* in the healing of one's-self of mental and physical un-whole-nesses. The man who takes an hour once a day to "affirm" things, and then lives the rest of the time in his *feelings*, telling himself he is all sorts of an idiot he doesn't *want* to be, will make very slow progress compared to the one who sets himself to nip every un-

desired statement the moment it pops up in his mind—nip it short and fill its place with an emphatic, resolute statement of its desirable opposite.

What we all like to do we do *well*. It is the “*must*” things that go undone and mis-done, and that are continual thorns in our sides and mill-stones about the necks of our *spirits*—it is *they* which make us heavy hearted and *unwilling*. Better were it, to *never do* the “must” things than to continually *mis-do* them and weight ourselves with that sense of discouragement—which literally *paralyzes* the motor nerves.

But there is no *need* of leaving anything undone. I freed myself from duty-things for the time being because *I hoped* that by doing so I would learn after a time to *love* to do them. During the first year or two whenever I did find it necessary to do a duty thing I would take great pains with it and as I did it I kept saying over to myself, “*I will love to do this—I do love it—I do.*” I did this with cleaning lamps, which I detested. And after a little I grew to *enjoy* doing it thoroughly.

You see, *suggestion* rules our lives to a great extent. We begin to clean lamps with the idea that the oil is nasty and we don’t like to touch it. Then every time we go to clean it we sniff at the oil and *permit* ourselves that sense of dislike. Then we get so that every time we *think* of cleaning it we say mentally, “*I detest it so.*” So the impression deepens as we repeat the suggestions time after time, until we really do dislike it.

Now it is easy to replace don’t-like suggestions with their opposite. Just get started right. Look at the

lamp a bit and think how pretty it will look when clean and trimmed. Then think of the oil as a great *cleaner*—remember how it will shine zinc or take pitch off. Then think how nicely *hot* water and soap will finish the cleaning, and clean white cloths polish it all. Now get *plenty* of hot water and soap and see how beautifully you can polish chimneys and shades, and what *fun* you can get out of making an artistic success of that lamp. Play with it! Talk to it, as a child talks to its playthings! *Enjoy* it! Put *your thought into* your doing. You can make fun out of *anything* if you persist in *putting your mind into* your work, instead of doing it as hastily and slightly and with as little thought as you can.

All this time that I was fixing the habit of doing only what I *loved* to do, I was likewise *suggesting* to myself over and over, that I *loved* to do *anything I had to do*. So I was working from *both ends* of the matter, and I made a success of it, as one is certain to do if he goes in to win and *sticks to it*.

If I caught myself thoughtlessly saying, “I don’t like to do this,” I should turn instantly and take pains to pull up that statement by the roots and throw it *out*. I should *deny* the suggestion and *affirm* that I *like* to do anything I find to do.

It is *God-like* to love what we do. It is divine. We *are* divine, and we should take pains to live divinely—take pains in *detail*. For every *idle word* brings us to judgment and punishment, if the idle statements are left to *grow* until we come to feel them. About three-quarters of our “don’t like” words are not *meant* at first—they are idly said. But we have a habit of growing up, or down, to our statements. So

we need to look after them in detail—see to the rooting out of weeds and the sowing of desirable words in our subconsciousness.

I said it is God-like to love what we do. Can you imagine a real God making things he hated to make? *Being* a God, untrammelled, all-powerful, all-wise, he would make only what he *desired* to make, would he not? Well, *you* are a God. Bear the fact in mind and *live* like one.

This *loving* to do things, is the spiritual tide I told you of. As I got rid of the false standards of life by which I was trying to force myself to live I could *feel* more and more easily and certainly these spiritual tides. Instead of “battling” against the forces within me as something “evil” I went *with* them and *let* them bear me onward. And as I found them bringing me *peace* and power to do, and *love* for doing, I knew they were God’s own tides, and I trusted them more fully.

And they made me over, and are still making me over. *God’s* pure blood flows in my veins, *God’s* pure, strong, loving desires flow in my heart, and I AM WHOLE. So I *love* to do what I choose to do, for it is *God’s* choice. And it is God’s love that loves it. Truly, I am altogether *God’s*, therefore am I at peace, and happy, and useful.

“*As I am in this world, so are ye.*” Would you know it, and *feel* it, as I do? Then *live* it, and *trust* it, as I do.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPIRIT LEADS ME.

I first "found peace" and "gave myself up" about three years before the long sleep experience before referred to. For the first year after this "finding peace" I seemed to stand still. My attitude toward life had changed but life itself jogged along much as before. During this year I read the Bible from a sense of duty, but it meant nothing to me. I went to church on Sunday because God required it—so the preacher said. But it was all strange, stiff, unnatural, a stupid sort of dream to me.

Then all at once I seemed to wake up. I went to "working in the church," and I began to get interested in the Bible. Jesus' doings and His famous Sermon on the Mount took special hold of me. Not because I understood them, for I did not. But I was puzzled and curious about them, and I had made up my mind that if there *was* anything in the Bible it must be in Jesus' part of it. I could not believe in the "immaculate conception," but Jesus might really mean something after all. Up to this time I had supposed that *Jesus' death* was all that was supposed to amount to anything for us—that what he did and said was only a matter of killing time for that three years he was ordained to pose around as the "Son of God" before he was crucified to satisfy a vindictive Father who was mad at Adam and Eve. Of course I had gained this false impression from hearing *third-rate* "doctrinal" sermons. We had one or two splen-

did pastors at that little Mt. Tabor, Oregon, M. E. Church, whose regular sermons helped and inspired me. But even they, broad minded men as they were, when it came time to preach the occasional "doctrinal" sermon which the church required, were certain to soar gloriously about six feet and flop to earth with a dull thud which shook the very foundations of what little faith I had been able to sprout. The best of these pastors once told me that he hated to preach a sermon on doctrine, for "*the spirit*" was never in such and they always raised more or less discussion and division. He preached such because he "must."

It was from these doctrinal sermons about the "divine plan of salvation," "the immaculate conception," "the wrath of God," and the "Methodist Discipline" that I had gained this false idea that only the *torture* of Jesus counted, and the rest was for effect and to kill time. This was why it seemed impossible for me to "give myself up." I *could not* believe all that rot. And I never did accept these points of doctrine, nor pretend to. Dr. Parsons "took me into the church" after fully understanding just what I could, and what I could not, accept. He was wiser than his church.

But now after a year of vegetating as a church member and "professor" I began really to attend to Jesus himself. I fell in love with his grand teachings, even before I could understand them. I lived in them and dreamed in their terms, until I was inspired with his glorious passion for "doing the will of the father," that I might "be perfect as he is perfect." As a *teacher* Jesus became my real "Saviour," and I loved him and lived *with* him as fast as I could catch his meaning.

About this time I went with Hattie Struble to hear Mrs. Williams, a unique character I mean to tell you more about at another time. Suffice to say she was healed of blindness by Christian Science and had given her life and thrown open the splendid home of her husband, Hon. George H. Williams, U. S. Senator, that she might help others to healing. I went to hear her five times in one week. It was nearly all strange and superstitious and ridiculous to me, except one thing—her wonderful way of reading the Bible. That woman *understood* it as did no preacher I ever heard. She would read a sentence slowly, impressively, then pause in utter stillness a moment; then re-read very slowly and softly, putting the emphasis on other words each time. For instance, after reading “The spirit shall lead you into all truth,” she would pause until every breath was held in closest attention, then repeat, “*The* spirit—shall lead—*you*—into—*all* truth!”—and every emphasized word would thrill you with a joyous discovery—why, THE spirit!—there is only *one* spirit; and it shall lead YOU—YOU—not, *did* lead, or *will* lead somebody else, but it will lead YOU!—where?—into ALL truth! * * Her reading and emphasis electrified you and made you *live*.

Well, I went home and went to reading my Bible as she had read. I read a verse at a time, and re-read time after time, always with new emphasis and always with a *prayer* in my heart that the spirit would lead *me* into understanding.

This was really the starting point of my unfoldment, though that year of *apparent* stagnation had to come before, as the underground sprouting has to come before a tiny shoot pokes its head above the soil.

Every thing in our lives *has* to be—the evolving of our particular individuality brings the experience. Every one is indispensable to our growth in wisdom and knowledge, and every one works with every other for *good*. This is the first principle of truth, indispensable to a true philosophy of life—without which we cannot *consciously* live the true life.

The Bible is in the main inspired by a very high order of wisdom. The remainder of it is simply history, more or less accurate. If I had had to receive my knowledge of the laws of being without its aid I would be a long way behind my present place. I have no blind faith in the Bible as a special dispensation of a capricious God, but I have all faith in it as the inspired utterance of many wise and devoted men, *whose teachings I have proved to be invaluable*. I *might* have got the same information from the One Source, as many of them did; but I did not. I owe them a debt of gratitude for having blazed mental trails; and I believe the most ranting atheist owes to them more than he has any conception of. The race is *one*, and what Jesus or Paul or Isaiah or Moses learned of real truth is *occultly* if not openly conveyed to all others of the race. Some truths strike us first on the conscious side and sink downward into being; others strike on the subconscious side and rise upward into consciousness. These latter we call “ours”; the former we attribute to our teachers, to whom we sometimes attribute extravagant merit; but the truth is that *all* wisdom is ONE, and *we are the One*. The statement of another simply makes us remember what we already knew.

As the Bible, and particularly Jesus’ beautiful

teachings became clear to me I grew more and more enthusiastic in *applying* them, always with my soul open to the spirit for light upon *how* to apply them.

One particular experience I want to tell you about. I have mentioned before that I had a temper. In the ordinary relations of friendly intercourse it never troubled me. I was always called "good natured." But the two children fretted me and their father roused all the devil there was in me. And I returned the compliment for him. And neither of us meant to. He and I would have been good friends always in the ordinary relationships of life, but as husband and wife we were too close together. He is a Sagittarius, I a Taurus; he blazed up, I threw mud, he sputtered, and there you have it. Fire and earth have not a *happy* effect upon each other. But we were both inharmonious in those days, and attracted inharmonious relationships. He is a practical, neat, energetic man in purely *material* lines. He thinks in terms of money, politics, sports. I was impractical, "visionary," as he called me, decidedly inclined to neglect the material for the "spiritual" and mental. He despised my tastes and ways, and I despised his. So, in our one-sided developments we needed just what we got. As I learned to "judge not" I saw the *good* in his ideas—I "caught his vibrations." He helped me by example to value material things. As I began to *be* more practical, and especially as I began to make a little money through those same despised mental and spiritual powers and ideas of mine, *he* began to open his eyes to the value of *my* point of view. So we brought to life in each other that which was latent.

But there our missions ceased. Our *tastes* were not congenial, the friction too great. We fell apart.

Elbert Hubbard says: "The love of man for woman and woman for man, in order to attract the smile of God, must center upon something else—the man and woman must unite their love in a love of art, music, truth, children or work—thus forming a trinity. To love each other is not enough—they must love some third thing. Further than this, I believe that in marriage the strangle hold should be barred."

Holt Struble and I were united in *nothing*, and at least one of us if not both, was bound to keep the "strangle hold." So, having served each other through our *in-harmonious* days it was necessary to let go the strangle hold that each of us might find the happiness we had been growing up for. I suspect we both drew sighs of relief when it was over, though it seemed hard at the time. And I fancy neither of us has regretted the parting. I know I have not.

But it was of my temper as it related to my children that I wanted to tell you. I was irritable, and every time I spoke sharply to one of them it broke my heart and hurt my conscience. I hated myself for being so hasty, but I couldn't seem to help it altogether. I was always especially irritable if interrupted in work at which I was interested or hurried. Now I always became deeply absorbed in reading stories, and after I "found peace" I read every religious story I could find, and they were many for I had access to three ministers' libraries, two of which were quite extensive. One story which helped me much was "Stepping Heavenward," a sort of diary

of a religious woman, to be found in most church libraries. This I read many times.

One day as I sat reading one of these religious stories one of the children bothered me (they seemed possessed at such times) and I spoke hastily and went on with my reading. But the life was gone out of it. The always-ready regret came instantly and my heart went into my shoes. I wondered *why* God *let* them interrupt me so when I was reading something with the view to "getting nearer to him." Then quietly, as if spoken by another person, these words came to me, "If thy right hand offend thee *cut it off and cast it from thee.*" And instantly I knew that the spirit was bidding me *read no more stories*. I gasped for breath—what! religious stories, that were my very life! Oh, surely I *couldn't live* without *those*! And I felt distinctly abused. But the admonition kept repeating itself in my memory, always in that quiet, steady, *inexorable* tone, until finally I said, *I will do it and trust the spirit to make up to me* for what I thought I had been gaining from these religious stories. It was literally like cutting off my right hand, but the books went; and I supposed I would *never* again read a novel of any sort.

For a year I did not, and during that year I gained almost perfect control of that temper—I scarcely ever felt even a sign of irritability. Then one day after church the pastor's wife came and told me of a splendid new story they had, and asked if I did not want to read it. To my amazement that voice seemed instantly to respond, "Take it." And I did. It was a most interesting religious story, one of George McDonald's, and I was intensely absorbed in it. And

the children were suddenly absorbed in *me*. Never did they want so many attentions in so short a time. I had to leave my book dozens of times. But not once was I even tempted to irritability. It was as easy for me to turn *from* the book, as to it.

Now I am positive if I had kept up the novel reading I would not have healed myself of the irritability. I tried just as hard before I stopped as I did afterward. But the novel reading was so exciting to my nerves that I had not strength enough to stand the interruptions on top of it, without "flying to pieces." My nerves were in a continual state of over-excitement. When the novel reading was cut off I had nervous force to control myself under necessary exigencies. And in that year the tide of nerve power rose in me until I could *easily* control myself—do it instinctively. Afterward whenever I had the slightest inclination to irritability when reading, I considered it a sign of over-taxation, and dropped the reading until I felt I was fully strengthened again.

In all other ways I have used the same principle of cutting off for the time being my "right hand." Always I do *one* thing at a time, as if I had *all* eternity to do it in—which I *have*, if I choose to use it! Whenever I feel hurried or irritable (the two are one) I stop and cut off the least necessary thing. At another time I can do it with ease—if I still want to. Nothing which is really desirable ever gets lost by this practice, and I avoid all that old nervous state. No more tattered nerves for me. My energy must *overflow easily* in what I do, or it is left undone.

And I can feel that by the use of this method I am *filling full* of energy and am backed by the nervous



energy of all the universe. There is depth and power and reserve force that is mightier every year. I am more alive and powerful, mentally and physically, this day than ever before in my life.

CHAPTER VIII

QUICK HEALING.

You will be wondering if I never had experiences of healing self instantaneously. No, I never did, nor do I know of anyone else who ever did. But I have had numbers of experiences of quick healing both for self and others. I consider this sort of thing the very smallest part of the healing business. The great part is the waking up of self and others to the daily effort on right lines which enables one to *outgrow the need* of healing.

All healing is a matter of changing the mind. The more shallow and easily influenced the mind the more readily and deeply it can be changed by another. Helen Wilmans' most remarkable cases of quick healing were done among the warm hearted, imaginative and ignorant negroes of the south. The more character and positiveness a person has, the slower is the work of healing; *and the surer it is.*

Another general rule is that it is easier to heal another quickly than yourself. It is an easy matter to become enthused and made over by a new truth for the first time presented to you; it is a vastly different thing to generate mental force so much

stronger than your own average that it can *quickly* change the vibrations of your mind and body.

Still another general rule is that *acute* troubles, which are quickly developed, can be quickly healed. They have not the root holds on temperament that chronic troubles have. They are born and developed on the surface like a sudden squall; whilst chronic troubles begin away back in the past and away down in the bowels of things, and keep gathering force as they grow. In such the healing must begin away down too, and gather force enough to *change* all this.

All my chronic troubles took time and self-conquering to heal. But a cold, or a headache, or a stomach-ache, could be quickly changed—*sometimes*. Many times I failed. And a fit of blues, or a very tired condition of body could be almost instantly dispelled—when I happened to hit the right combination.

I well remember one time, when I had just put out an extra large washing—so large that I gave way to the temptation to hurry, just a *little*. I was so tired I could hardly move and had planned to spend an hour or two on the couch before I did anything more. I was so tired and weak that my voice had the hollow sound of a sick person. (I could not wear myself to that extent now if I tried—there is too steady a *reserve* force in me, growing stronger every year.)

Well, the door bell rang and there was, not a caller but a visitor, come to stay the afternoon! She wanted help on “spiritual lines.” So I went in for a regular Bible study and talked a blue streak. I loved this sort of work and if I had an appreciative listener there was no end to my chatter. In about fifteen minutes after she “got me started” I happened to

think of my tired out conditon and behold, it was *gone* completely. I never felt better in my life, and I *stayed* strong and well. This is a good illustration of quick healing. If I had lain down I would have been hours recovering, but a quick and complete change of mind filled me almost instantly with new energy.

Whenever, either by another person *calling out* my energies as in this case; or by special treatment; —whenever by *any* means I can quickly change my mind I am quickly made whole again.

I used to quickly heal myself of the blues, which often possessed me as I waked in the *morning*—*if* I forgot to go to sleep with a cheerful mind. When I waked “blue” I gave myself a few vigorous denials and affirmations—“I am *not* blue—I am full of soul-shine!”—I would say; and then put on a smile and go quietly about my work. Next time I thought about it I found myself vibrating with the *shine*-statement.

Then I used to treat for colds. Sometimes I succeeded. I remember once I was to sing at a concert. It was to be quite the nicest one ever held in Mt. Tabor and “talent from abroad” had been engaged. I was particularly anxious not to disgrace myself and the town. My solo was “Angels’ Serenade” and I had it down pat. The programs were in print, the tickets selling like hot cakes and everybody on the *qui vive* for Saturday night. Friday morning I waked up with an awful cold. Imagine my disgust! Of course, I supposed I was done for. No singing of *that* song with a cold. I went lugubriously sniffing and wheezing about my housework.

It was sweeping day and I went at that. About nine o’clock I was brushing away vigorously, dust

cap on and windows wide, when it suddenly occurred to me to see if I could not cure myself of that beastly cold. You may imagine I felt pretty cross about it, and that cold looked to me just then like the very biggest enemy that had ever reared his ugly head in my path. And the worst of it was that many times I had tried healing myself of colds and never once succeeded, though I *had* been successful in quickly healing other people's ailments, cold included. So I had absolutely no grounds for faith that I could dissipate that cold. But I *did want* to sing—so I tried. I picked up Henry Wood's "Ideal Suggestion Through Mental Photography" and sat down on the side of the bed in the biggest kind of a draught, to treat myself. In the back of this book Henry Wood gives several pages of formulas to be mentally photographed—whole pages with black borders, and a single sentence in large type within the border. Then on each opposite page he gives an explanation. I turned these pages in search of a suitable verse to "photograph," and these words caught my attention:

<p>PAIN IS FRIENDLY.</p>

Which was really a new thought to me, and greatly at variance with my mood. So I opened eyes and mind to it. On the opposite page I read Mr. Wood's explanation to the effect that disease is produced by an effort to eliminate, and that its mission is purely beneficent. So I adjusted myself and tried to make friends with my cold. I called it *good*, and told it to do its work quickly and well. Then I rose into the

“ideal brain” and pictured myself whole and clean and in splendid voice. Then I *affirmed* all this with positive mental emphasis.

When I got through treating I was just as bad off as ever, but I tried not to be disgusted. I said to myself, “All is good anyway, and I’ll just go on with my sweeping and let the singing go.” And I went at the sweeping again, determined to make up for lost time. It must have been half an hour or an hour later that I happened again to remember about my cold, when I discovered to my utter amazement that it was completely gone. I sang then for pleasure, and just to try my voice. And the next evening I was in better voice than ever before in my life.

There were other times after that when I treated for cold and did not phase it. But it was not until the last year or two that I thought I understood why. Colds are never taken except when the system is clogged with waste matter. *Exercise* is a great eliminator. The mental energy I was at that time able to generate was not in itself powerful enough to remedy the clogged condition, but the mental *and physical exercise together* were positive force great enough to heal me quickly.

Then there is another point: Any condition is perpetuated by recognition—by continually thinking about it. If I had sat around after treating myself I would have held the old condition. But I got up and forgot it all in my effort to make up for lost time. This gave the health-statements a chance to work.

After treating myself for *any* condition, of mind or body, I get up and throw myself soul and body into some active, physical work. In proportion as

I succeed in losing myself in that, in that proportion do I succeed in healing myself thoroughly and quickly.

These incidents are enough to illustrate quick self-healing. You may think there is nothing very wonderful about them. There isn't. But they are among the best I have ever experienced, and they are *practical*, and so easy a child can do them and go me one better. I used to belittle such experiences as these and long to "strike my hand over the place" and be healed. But it has been my experience that to "dip seven times in Jordan" is the natural way.

In some sort of intuitional way I got hold of the idea that the proper use of the body would *help* the mind to act. And I experienced a lot on this line before I understood the reasons. And to this day I can *feel* the reasons better than I can explain them.

It was in experimenting on this line that I came into the knowledge and use of breath as described in my little "Solar Plexus Book." I found that deep, full, regular breathing, with mental affirmations, *will cast out* fear, blues and other diseases, and grow absolutely *anything* desirable. And I make more and more use of the breath, both in self-healing and other-fellow-healing. *Rhythmic motion* is an infinite power, and I am just beginning to glimpse its value and uses. But I must not touch upon that here, or it will be necessary to make a whole library of this little book of experiences. Suffice it to say, if I had known of breath-use ten years ago I'd have been still younger and healthier and wealthier than I am today.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW I HEALED MY PURSE.

And now you will be wondering about my experience in healing an emaciated and leaky purse. For that was the kind I always carried, up to three or four years ago. It *wouldn't* stay patched and it wouldn't get fat.

And it wasn't all because little money went into it. At times there was quite a lot, but bless you, that purse was lean and ragged and hungry as ever, if not more so. My father gave us in all over \$10,000 in money and property, but we were hard up every minute of the time we had it, and we lost it all in the end. Carnegie says, "There is absolutely nothing in money as a competency," and I know he is right. Competency, real wealth, is ALL in the mind.

Well, to begin. My father was a well-to-do man who had made his own fortune and that of others. My mother died when I, the eldest of a family of three girls and a boy, was about nine years of age. From thence we "grewed," like Topsy, with a succession of more or less (mostly less) capable housekeepers to look after our material needs. Many times there were interims when the house was not kept at all. We went to school, "bummed around" and ate crackers, cheese, baker's bread and pickles at the kitchen table, with "Pa." We liked that way of keeping house best. When we wanted anything to eat we skipped over to the grocery and had it "charged to Pa." And Pa always came home from his lumber yard or mill with a load of fruit or cookies bought on

the way. When we wanted something new to wear we went to the store and had it "charged."

The only money we ever saw was at night when Pa and Bina and I sat around the center table after the two younger children had fallen asleep over their bread and milk and Pa had put them to bed. Then Bina and I would fairly hop up and down with excitement and say, "Now, Pa, *yes!* Now, *yes*, Pa—we'll be awful careful!"—and Pa, with a whimsical smile would finally "give in." Then he would empty his pockets of piles of half dollars and "two-bit" pieces, with a sprinkling of twenty-dollar gold pieces. All these he carefully counted out under the lamp and then divided equally between Bina and myself. Then whilst Pa read the paper we two spent the evening playing all sorts of games with those silver and gold pieces. The gold "twenties" were our kings and queens, and sometimes we had so many royal personages that we had great times to get their courts and kingdoms properly populated. Such times as we did have with those games. And after it was all over Pa would say, "Bed time now," and then he would "take stock." Then we sat and watched with big eyes whilst Pa counted everything up in piles and rolled each pile in brown paper ready for that mysterious "Bank" to which all money seemed to gravitate. When we tried to roll them they all fell out at the ends. It was our greatest wonder that Pa's big fingers could make the pieces stay in.

—This was all I knew of the value of money. And almost right in the midst of such games I was married. Before I came to my fifteenth birthday I entered upon the new game of being married. A month before I

was married I and Bina and Birdie "played paper dolls" a whole morning, and the housekeeper made fun of me for it.

I was married to a boy of nineteen. I bought everything I wanted and "had it charged." The housekeeper made me nine new dresses. We had a nice wedding and three kinds of wine, with wedding presents galore, and went to live with Holt's mother and father.

One main thing which made his mother and father such successes as parents-in-law, was their faculty for minding their own business. I was an untrained child, but Mrs. Struble never tried to make me over for the benefit of her "baby"—Holt was the youngest of four. She and Mr. Struble were thrifty, pay-as-you-go people, and she was a model housekeeper. I from birth and lack of training was distinctly her opposite. All I learned in the two years and a half I lived with them was what I picked up. And I was too much of a kid to pick up very much.

I tell you all this that you may understand my utter impracticality when, at 17 years of age, with a year-old baby, a fine new house given us by my father, and a boy for a husband, we went to house-keeping on a clerk's salary. We got into debt the first month and we never got out except as somebody came to the rescue and pulled us out. Then we promptly got in again.

In spite of all I could do debt continually grinned derisively in our faces. Of course it was the unexpected necessities that brought it on. Doctors' bills made a goodly portion of our debts.

How I did work and scheme and plan to make that

little salary spread out over all our growing needs. And I cut my own personal desires down to the last notch. In fact I *had* almost no personal desires. I neglected myself and my clothes shamefully, because I was lost in the care of babies and house. My wedding clothes lasted for years. I have no doubt Holt was ashamed of me in the antiquated things. But I counted it to myself as a virtue that I looked after every other want before my own, and that I was satisfied to wear old, soiled, thread-bare clothing instead of running my husband farther into debt for new ones.

This much history will give you an inkling of how I spent my life up to the time I got desperate over the money question. As the children grew the family demands grew and the family income did not. I lived in a perfect nightmare of trying to make ends meet. Always striving and straining and always the "ends" a little farther apart.

Then I determined to add something to the family income, by adding more work and worry to my already overburdened self. I was handy with my needle and sewing machine. So I took in all the sewing I could get, or rather all I could do in addition to all my own work, and I ran the machine almost night and day. And I wondered much why it was that, in spite of all my efforts and schemes, I simply *could not* keep out of debt. I thought it must be because sewing was not remunerative enough. So I hunted for other work. But no matter where I turned or what I did there was always that night-mare of the ends that would not meet. I could fill volumes with my experiences on this line, and always the same results—a growing night-mare, a sharper strain.

The *tension* in my own mind was reduced as I became interested in the "new thought." I let go and did my best to resign myself to the apparently inevitable. And then, too, as the unseen realm of mind was revealed to me the faults and lacks in my environment seemed less important. I became for the time a sort of stoic. I spent all my time saving and planning and making over, because my conscience required it. But beyond that I washed my hands of the whole thing. I even quit worrying over the unpaid bills. I said to myself, "I will do *my* best—the rest is God's affair!—if he wants the bills paid he can send the money!" And I went on healing and teaching and skimping.

I have told you how my mind all went into this healing business. At first I had no thought of remuneration. But as more calls for treatment and for teaching came to me the financial problem came up in a new phase. Either I must refuse to heal and teach or I *must* have more money, money to pay others for doing the cleaning, cooking, washing, making-over of garments and such like, that I had always done. At this time I was reading *Unity*, and the free-will offering idea took possession of me. I saw that in order to devote my time to healing I *must* make it bring in money. It was a case of do that or stick to housework entirely. So I went in for free-will offerings, fully convinced in my head at least that this was the only right way to do. I had all faith, too, that the money would come.

But it did not. Not in quantities sufficient for even the most absolute necessities. I gained glowing encomiums galore, extravagantly worded thanks and

praises enough to stock the universe, and beautiful little gifts from ladies who had spent time and love and stitches in their preparation. One woman whom I treated for months and with whom I spent hours and days of most earnest endeavor, unburdened her soul by giving me \$7.25 worth of new thought books she had no further use for. At Christmas times I received lovely things from grateful friends. But *money!*—what came in would not have paid the board of a wash woman, let alone her hire. And I blushed and felt like a sneak thief when someone did happen to give me a dollar, or a half dollar.

That was just the point. They *gave* me money, and the innate God of me did not want *gifts*. It wanted its RIGHTS. I remember one lady who came to Portland for a visit. Her home was in San Francisco, where she was a devoted attendant at the Home of Truth at 1231 Pine treet. She found herself troubled with a little constipation and came to me for treatment. She kept me exhorting and explaining for three hours, after which I treated her. As she rose to leave she dropped a 50-cent piece on the corner of the table exactly as one leaves a waiter's tip when leaving a public dining table. I despised that 50 cents, and hated to touch it. My experience was that free will offerings were *not* free willed—they were simply "tips," which lowered and enslaved the recipient.

In the meantime the recipient kept shriveling in her own estimation, until she felt like a whipped cur.

All the time healing and teaching were making greater demands on my time, and our family expenses

were growing with the growing children. And no money.

Of course my brains were all this time doing their best to thresh out the wheat from the chaff of this problem. Should I give up the healing, or *make it* pay? Should I starve bodily and shrivel spiritually on free-will offerings? Or come off my "freely give" perch and *ask* for pay for my time?

If I had not been heart and soul in my work of healing and teaching, this knotty difficulty would have driven me back to my house-work to stagnate and die, or out into some line of work I could feel justified in demanding compensation for, but which would not have been my *soul's work*. But I *loved* the work, and it seemed to me the greatest calling on earth or in heaven—that of ministering to minds diseased, binding up broken hearts and sending souls rejoicing on their way.

Well, I waked up to the fact that *time* and *energy* are MONEY, and the "patient" who took my time and energy without rendering its equivalent in *money*, was simply a thief. The fact that they were unconscious of their thieving propensities did not change the matter, nor did it excuse me for being a "mush of concession" myself.

It was *hard work* to take my new stand. But I did it. I announced that henceforth *my terms* for treatment were so much, and *my terms* for lessons so much.

A few of my old free willers dropped away from me, but I am happy to say that from the very hour I took this stand most of them came to me and paid *willingly* my price. They seemed relieved themselves

to think that now they were *free* to come to me knowing what was JUST in the way of recompense. They now paid their money and felt free; whereas before they had paid nothing and *felt under obligations* to me. People *hate* to be under obligations, and sooner or later they hate the person who permits the obligations.

From the time I set my prices, which were very modest ones, I had more patients and classes, and *better success* with them. This proved to me that I was on the right track. I have never for a moment doubted that success is the result of *being right*, of *acting* right, with the Law of Being. And all the way along I have looked to outward things to *prove* my ideals.

This was really the beginning of my "demonstration" over poverty. I told you how I threw off even the burden of my debts, and said "if God wanted them paid he could send the money." Now I saw he *did* want them paid and meant to send the money as fast as *I attracted it*.

Then I set to work with good will to understand the law of wealth and *live* it. I meant to make of myself a magnet which should draw gold and silver and greenbacks, instead of steel filings. I meant to let *the spirit* of me (God), lead me into the ways of wealth—*out* of the ways of poverty into the ways of plenty and peace and pleasantness.

I had been years making a healthy woman of myself, now I meant to charge myself with real dynamic power for attracting money. I meant to be so *right* with the kingdom of Good that good money would not only follow me but *catch up* with me.

I went to filling myself up on *I-shall-be-wealthy* statements. I could see no results but I kept at it. For hours a day, whilst busy at all sorts of work, I poured in those future tense statements. I kept it up for months in spite of the fact that I could see little results if any. I could have kept *my* soul and body together on the money I took in, but there were other souls and bodies to be kept, and still those old ends that *would not quite* meet, even yet.

Then suddenly it came to me one day that I was putting off my wealth to some future time. I must claim wealth NOW. Then I began to say, I AM *wealth*—I AM. I said it actually millions of times. And I tried to *imagine* it true, and to live up to it. When I had not money enough to buy a thing needed I consoled myself by calling it mine anyhow—as we used to do when we were children. When we needed something and I *did* have the dollar for it I *imagined* that dollar as one of a boundless store, and I spent it *willingly*, smilingly. I blessed it and bade it good-speed. I took infinite pains to get into the *wealthy* attitude of mind over the spending of every five cent piece that went through my purse. You see, I used to squeeze every nickel and *hate* to part with it, because I saw 100 places where it “ought” to go. *Now* I was taking great pains to spend as the truly wealthy spend, with that sense of *plenty* always in reserve.

By little fits and starts more money came to me. My success grew by fits and starts. There would be quite a swell in the tide, then apparently a dead level; then another swell. But always there would come a *little* higher swell.

I was healing and teaching along like this (doing lots of "charity work" too, as every healer, even a doctor, must), and my finances taking little rises in the right direction, when I found that somehow we were *holding our own*—no new debts were being added. Still the old ones stood and there was no prospect of liquidating them. But deep down in my heart I found *for the first time* a sort of *steady faith* that I was really getting ahead, and that in due time I would be able to pay all those old debts. There were not so many of them, nor so great, but there were enough to be a mill-stone about the neck of my spirits whenever I remembered them.

Then one day, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, there dropped into my mind the idea of publishing a paper. I said nothing about it for several days. I just kept as still as ever I could and *let* the scheme of ways and means unfold in my mind. This unfoldment was an amazing thing. I seemed not to think at all. It was as if I stood and watched something etched out in detail—as a great "set piece" is etched out by running fire, in the blackness of a "Fourth of July" night. Many times I gasped at the audacity of such a thing—I, unknown beyond my own little city, with my schooling stopped at my 15th year—I to walk out and make my bow among famous writers! I, with no fame or name and *no money*, to dare do this thing! I must even borrow the money to begin on. But I let the scheme keep on unfolding until *every detail* was complete.

Well, I got the money; and in exactly three weeks from the time the idea dropped into my mind the first number of *The Nautilus*, November, 1898, furled

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